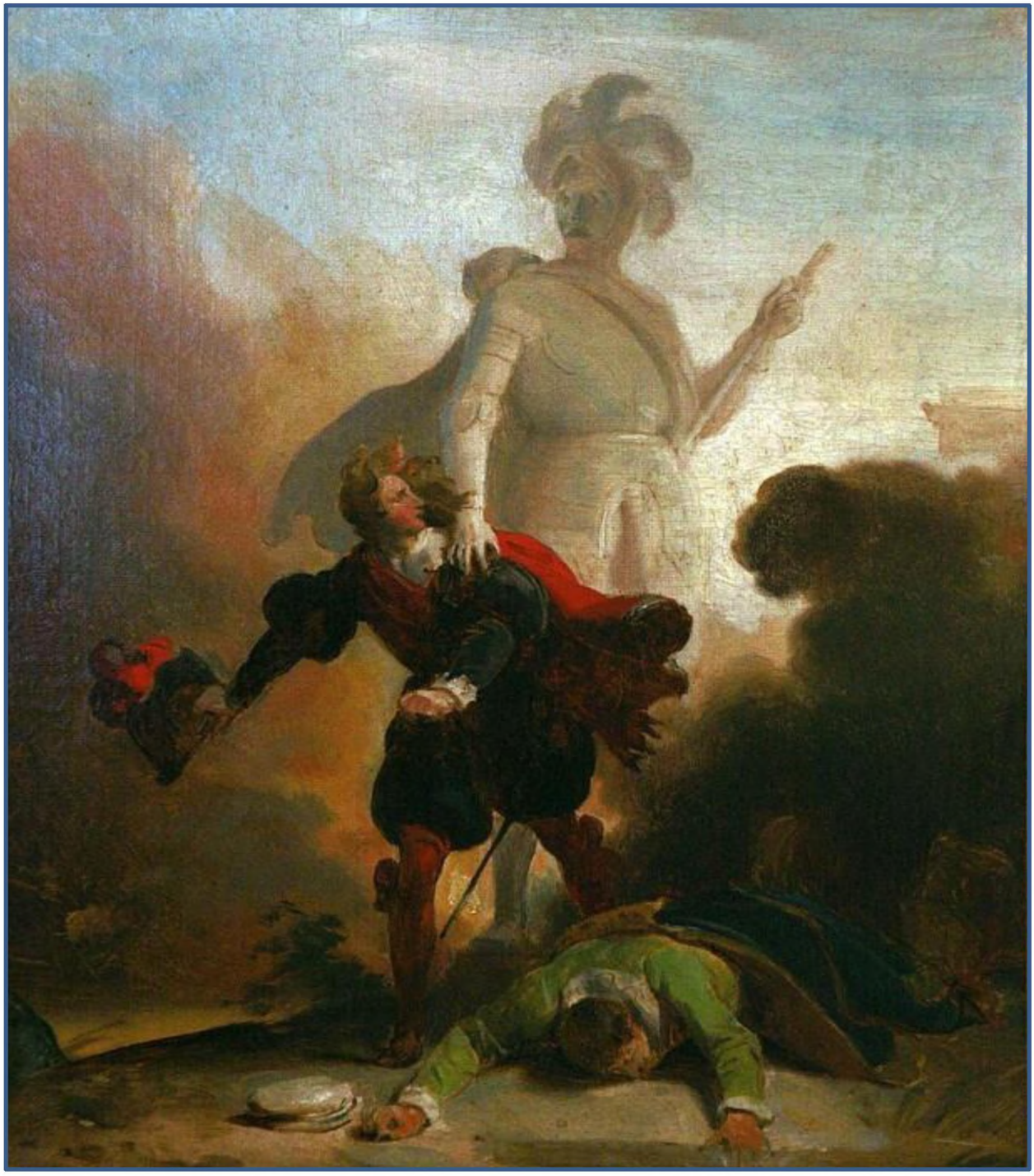
THE C.H. DOUGLAS CREDITER

FOR POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC REALISM



I Hope it is no crime to laugh at all things— for I wish to know What, after all, are all things — but a show?

mailto:douglascrediter@gmail.com

ARS EST CELARE ARTEM

"He asked himself bitterly whether statesmen might not be the true pests and cancers of human society. They had controlled the affairs of the world for centuries, and the affairs of the world seemed to him now beyond any control at all. He could not think of any matter of statecraft that was not conducted with more complication, less honour and simplicity, than would go to such a matter between a few private human beings. It looked as though the time was coming when mankind would have to devise a sharper and more stringent means of controlling those who conducted its business .... "

Fame is the Spur, Howard Spring.

FROM WEEK TO WEEK

The Telegraph
BBC presenter says calling animals by their English names is 'jarring'
Germany 'considers conscripting all 18-year-olds' amid fears of all-out NATO war with Russia - as Putin's forces advance in Ukraine
NBC NEWS
Conspiracy Theories Abound as U.S. Military Closes HAARP
UK arms ban for Israel would strengthen Hamas, says Cameron
UK Politics · 1h ago
Kyiv can use British weapons inside Russia - Cameron
Mossad Commentary
Facial recognition can determine whether you participated in the pro Hamas protests at the universities. Your jobs and your degrees will be worthless. Your hiring opportunities will be limited.
Immigration and asylum
Rising protests among UK asylum seekers held for deportation to Rwanda
Lawyers helping detainees say they have been told that dozens have gone on hunger strike in detention centre near Heathrow
UK politics live - latest updates
WE ARE PROTECTING THE UK FROM RUSSIAN AGGRESSION
Results
The Telegraph
John WINNEY
SCRAP THE HATE CRIME ACT
VOTE OF NO CONFIDENCE IN HUMZA YOUSAF
Lord Shameless!
IMMIGRATION ISN'T WORKING
80 YEARS
HANSARD SOCIETY
The inaugural Churchill–Attlee Democracy Lecture
given by
The Rt Hon Theresa May MP
to mark the Hansard Society's 80th Anniversary
WORLD ECONOMIC FORUM

THERE IS ONE INFALLIBLE TEST FOR CRIME;

Quis beneficit?

"We have been Sold down the River as no Great Country was ever Sold, before, and the worst sufferers have been the best of our Native Stock (as was intended). Possibly the Remnant is too Apathetic, or too Poisoned, to Protest; if not, some Treason Trials and subsequent Hangings are Overdue."

Major C. H. Douglas, 1949.

While the announcement of a General Election was far from unexpected, nor was the jump ship manner in which a huge sway of the traitorous Net Zero Crew, pseudo-Socialists, 1922—abandoned the Red Star Line "Tandoori" ship of their making; though there is a sense in which the present situation represents an attempt to exaggerate conditions which have not changed substantially since the "Brexit" referendum; true, the scourge of the Conservative Party the so called 1922 Committee—which that bastion of impartial "information" Wikipedia, kindly inform us "Was formed in 1923: **but became important after 1940**" that in itself, tells us all we need to know about this pseudo-Socialist Peoples "Committee" who, having deposed "Boris" the grassroots champion, made and dumped "PopCon" Truss, who was also by a country mile the grassroots choice over the present "Leader" (who could forget the Hyena grins led by Chairman Brady, as he announced the new Conservative Party "Leader") which the 1922 jump ship pseudo-Socialists gangsters, after the rank and file membership of the Party had rejected him **TWICE!** Had **shamelessly** installed, where, with the helping hand of the restored conservative wrecker "Dave" Lord, Active Measures Cameron: the accelerated drive to finish off what little genuine Conservatism remains in the so called "Conservative Party." With that in mind, it would be idle to deny that we have now arrived at a critical point in what is probably, with the Digital I.D. and Digital One World Currency, the W.H.O. [World Health Organisation] "pandemic" power grab, not to mention the facial recognition, and the Net zero climate scam, to name but a select few of the multitude of clear present dangers facing the Common Law abiding subject today in this the most momentous period of the world's recorded history. Those in control of the forces, i.e. International Finance and Freemasonry which are the driving force behind all of these manufactured crisis, who run all the so called "democratically" elected Governments from behind closed doors would not employ tactics of so dangerous a nature as are at present being employed, with their most trusted weapon "FEAR" at the fore, with the creeping "THREAT" of War! Notice, they've been raising the ante on "National Service!" Having spent (At Least!) the last century stacking the deck of cards in their sole favour, they are of course well aware that they alone, hold all the cards in their hands to finish Great Britain and Western Civilisation off, once, and for all, cards that must sooner, rather than any later be played.

After all that has happened during the past month particularly around the so called Covid 19-"Pandemic" DNR— "Toe Taging" Cull, rather than the " Net Zero" climate scam, though had the recent Met Office exposé "Climategate Emails" fix, received anything like the nationwide exposure it warranted, let alone the environmentally destructive "Wind Energy" fiddle, it would be a lot clearer to them that they are all being operative through the highest levels of "Organised Politics" with the in your face intention to rivet even more firmly the shackles of the defective social and economic system upon humanity.

At the end of the day what really matters and lies at the very heart of every avenue of human endeavour are principles. Faith. The sole reason that the Conservative Party, the Scottish National Party and the so called Christian Churches as by "Law established" to take a limited topical example are so loathed is that having sold their soul for a mess of pottage, means have become ends. There is no Truth in any of them. Shorn of any vestige of honour and courage there materialist "Father of Lies" shallow appeals fall on more and more deaf ears, as even the most ardent "adherent" after decades of deceit and disappointment know deep down inside they can't be trusted. . .the game is up!

UBIQUE PATRIAM REMINISCE!

DOUGLAS SOCIAL CREDIT THE MOST COMPLETE ANTIDOTE TO SOCIALISM. . .

BY LT.-COL *J. CREAGH-SCOTT*

1935.

This open letter to the Right Honourable the Earl of Malmesbury, Hon. Treasurer of the Anti-Socialist and Anti-Communist Union, written by Lt.-Col J. Creagh-Scott, a member of that union, was prompted by a circular letter dated March, 1935, from the 'Earl of Malmesbury, warning members of the dangers of a Socialist Victory. Since all political parties are tarred with the same brush, to which this hard-hitting ex- Conservative attaches the label "Socialism, red, pink or mauve," he places before the Anti-Socialist and Anti- Communist Union the only constructive proposal in the world which can be of any use to it.

My Lords--As a subscribing member to the Anti- Socialist and Anti-Communist Union, I wrote to the Editor of Information some time ago requesting him to publish an explanation in regard to the Douglas Social Credit analysis, and pointing out that many questions were being asked in regard to that subject.

The Editor was kind enough to reply personally, but as his letter was a personal one I refrain from publishing it. But amongst other things the Editor said that Socialists were divided on the subject of Douglas Social Credit, that the majority seemed opposed to it, though, of course, they favoured the idea of a National Dividend, It seems to me quite extraordinary that the Editor of ***Information*** should be so misinformed in regard to what is, and what is not Socialism, more especially as he is the Editor of political notes published under the auspices of the body which believes itself to he "Anti-Socialist and Anti-Communist," every member of which, including yourself, would support the Douglas Proposals if you and they realised that those Proposals constitute the most complete antidote to Socialism at present before the electorate.

Has it occurred to you, My Lord, and to the Editor of ***Information*** that the Conservatives and Liberals are pseudo-Socialists—every mother's son and daughter of them? Has It occurred to the chairman, secretary and committee of the union that the very ruin against which the members of the union have been warned is being brought about, aided and abetted by your and their own unfortunate un-enlightenment, or—maybe—because of a certain distaste for swallowing

the gruel of enlightenment which, perforce, you and they would have to do if the Douglas Social Credit proposals were examined and understood?

The particular crisis which you wish to avert may be averted if the return of a purely Socialist Government can be averted, but if the mongrel type of Socialist, i.e., the Conservatives and Liberals be returned, or the Socialist ragout known as the National Government were replaced in power, then there will be a crisis just the same, except that it will come about in a different manner. Nothing on earth, nor in the heavenly cloisters of Westminster, can prevent Nemesis while the three political parties persist in their common sacrifice of common sense upon the altar of orthodox economic ordinances and political persiflage, which are the egregious corollary to their ignorance regarding the operation of the price system on modern production.

The "wait and see" attitude is not yet dead in political policy. There is a very large and rapidly increasing body of men and women—Douglas Social Crediters—who would prefer neither to wait nor see, but to strike hard ***now***—without a moment's delay—for the overthrow of Socialism, red, pink and mauve. If your members and those who advise and lead them could but sharpen their sophisticated senses so that they could detect the hidden hand that holds and controls Socialists, pseudo-Socialists, and Anti-Socialists, then, My Lord, the organisation of which you are the worthy treasurer would be worthy of the name it bears which, at present, it is not. In proof of this I would ask you to be good enough to answer the following three simple questions, the answer to which will be the acid test of the veracity of the claim that you and the members of the union are Anti-Socialist and Anti-Communist.

1. Do you, in principle, support the wage system as the only means of subsistence?

2. What difference is there, in principle, between the dole, poor relief, etc., and National Dividends?

3. Do you consider that taxation, in principle, is scientifically and morally justifiable?

I note, My Lord, that the motto of your distinguished ancestry is ***ubique patriam reminisci,*** which should serve to remind you that you are called upon to remember your country everywhere, and, therefore, to examine dispassionately the case for Douglas Social Credit which vast numbers throughout the country and the Empire support, because it is the only real Anti-Socialist and Anti-Communist Union. You will find also that it will help you and the members of the "Anti-Socialist and Anti-Communist Union" to diagnose a condition of cumulated hypocrisy in your ranks which though entirely unintentional is making you and them appear very ridiculous.

I have the honour to be, My Lord, Your humble servant and Anti-Socialist,

J. CREAGH SCOTT.

" 'Tell them the men who placed him here
'Are scandals to their times:
'Are at a loss to find his guilt,
'And can't commit his crimes! "

Hymn to the Pillory

THE BRIEF FOR THE PROSECUTION

By C. H. DOUGLAS

CHAPTER XVI

To anyone who is prepared to consider the evidence, it must surely be conclusive.

The episodic conception of the history of the past hundred years is quite untenable. It would be absurd to suggest that the period does not comprise a large number of unrelated incidents of high importance, in much the same way that the life of a man with one single and over-mastering ambition is bound to include events which are neither sought nor anticipated. But in the main, the picture is dear. Germany, from the time of Frederick of Prussia, has been the chosen instrument of power politics, the objective of which is simply concentration of power—the stripping from the individual of the freedom of action which is his birthright, and its transfer to an organisation which, from one point of view, enhances the power of a small number of chosen\ individuals beyond anything conceivable in the absence of the policy and its appropriate organisations. Without in the least attempting to introduce an argument which is germane, but belongs to another plane, it may be observed that this aspect of the matter has been closed some time ago by the enquiry, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" It may be objected that there is no ground for the separation of this period from any other—-that history is one long struggle for power. That this is true is perhaps most clearly expressed in the words of F. R. Bienenfeld, the Jewish writer previously quoted: "Within the Jewish community as a whole, a phenomenon may be noted which has regularly recurred during the past 2,000 years, namely, that at any given period that section was always considered the most advanced which had most freely submitted to the influence of the high culture of its environment, *and had been most active in furthering it.* [My emphasis], "That is why a Babylonian, Alexandrian, Arabian, Spanish, Dutch, and German period may clearly be dis tinguished in Jewish history.... The German period of Jewry has now come to an end, the Anglo-American period has begun." (Emphasis in original The Germans and the Jews, p. 245.).

This is precisely, with certain reservations, the impression which must be obtained by an intelligent observer— that the rise and fall of nations is due to a manipulating influence interested in conflict. That this statement is legitimate must be admitted by anyone who will consider the distance which separates the personal aspirations of the average individual from the life which he is forced to lead when conscripted by the all powerful state to fight in a quarrel which is not his in any fundamental sense.

It is remarkable that, for instance, Herr Bienenfeld does not appear to notice that the passing of Germany is the culmination of a period in which German culture has been almost passionately admired, and largely dominated by Jews, while the transfer of this

element to Anglo-Saxondom is contemporaneous with the attempt to impose upon Great Britain and the United States a "planned economy" of precisely the nature associated with the Great German General Staff—a culture and economy which can be demonstrated to lead to the same ultimate catastrophe. But the synchronism is in contestable; and a recognition of it ought to expose the fallacy of supposing' that the defeat of Germany, by itself, will dispose of the menace to civilisation. Still less, that a so-called Anglo-Saxon hegemony infested and dominated by the ideas which have been uncovered "in war, or the threat of war" would do anything but ensure a further holocaust.

But a consideration of this evidence, while it does nothing to diminish our recognition of the task with which we have allowed ourselves to become confronted, does indicate the general direction which must be pursued. And that direction is radically different from the official programmes current at the moment. Salvation is not to be found in greater and still greater agglomerations of power—in "Law, backed by overwhelming Force," in International Air Forces ruling the skies and the earth by an Aerial Board of Control after the manner of Kipling's story As easy as A.B.C.—doubtless an indiscreet dramatisation of an already contemplated policy.

It is, and can only be found, in bringing into actuality the existing cleavage between the individual desire to pursue an individual end and the group pressure to reduce the individual to an amorphous mass—a biological entropy.

Only an outline of major strategy to this end is either possible or desirable at this stage. But it may be helpful to consider this in general terms. Restoration of the sovereignty of the individual over his own affairs is of the essence of it.

Racism Can Kill Black People Even When a Black Finger Pulls the Trigger
Mothers Are the Root Cause of Transgenderism in Children, 1991 Study Shows
Scots nurseries adopt guidelines claiming kids can 'come out' as transgender at any age
David Cameron
@David_Cameron
Secretary of State for Foreign, Commonwealth and D
Former Prime Minister of the United Kingdom
Joined January 2010
408 Following 1.7M Followers
Follow
32
PEOPLE WITH NO RIGHT TO BE HERE
REMOVED
Mirror
Keir to Mirror readers...
MY 6 FIXES FOR BRITAIN
£85 MILLION TO TACKLE GLOBAL THREAT OF ANTIMICROBIAL RESISTANCE
Gaelic schools thrive while native language declines
Most Scots have no religion - census
Sheriff accused of sexual harassment to be removed from office
Swinney warned 'significant' spending cuts may be needed

THE REVOLT OF INTELLIGENCE

Ezra Pound

III

I have been conversing with a Sinn Fein M.P., or, rather, let me say, with a delegate to the Daill Erin, a body in which I take no particular interest.

Let me say at once and before the visits of the British police and the gentleman with pamphlets and subscription lists, that I have no interest in Ireland as a nation; I have no interest in any country as a nation.

The league of nations appears to me about as safe and as inviting for the individual as does a combine of large companies for the employee. The more I see of nations the more I loathe them; the more I learn of civilisation the more I desire that it exist and that such scraps of it as we have should be preserved for us and for our successors.

The Southern States of America probably had a legal right to secede in 1861; it is as well that they were not permitted to do so; and it was a great calamity that they should attempt by force to do so; that war was a calamity of American civilisation and possibly the doom of the Anglo-Saxon race in America. The extermination of the best human stock in any district advances nothing. The decline of human liberty in the States may quite possibly date from the year of the emancipation proclamation.

(This is not an elegy for plantation life, nor a plea for re-establishment of black slavery. In 1808 opinion against such slavery was, I believe, as prevalent in the American South as in the North. This is past history and aside from the present discussion.)

I object to secessions and to divisions of political units once formed. Even in the case of Germany, border territory which cannot be absorbed into adjacent large countries should remain part of the German republic, for the good of civilisation.

Secondly, Germany as a partially civilised country should be maintained against the barbarism of Russia, should contingency arise.

The province, Catalonia, Ireland, Arles should remain inside the large political unit. We do not want more inner walls, but a breakdown of walls between these larger units. This last is a very different thing from a conspiracy and union of cliques within separate citadels.

Permit me to present my specimen of Daill Erin, in wholly impartial manner. This man disappeared from my life in 1910; he returned into my orbit last week; he spent some hours with me before I discovered his present occupation. He showed himself more human, humane and intelligent, more generally interested in civilisation than any

British M.P. I have met . . . but then he may be a rare exception, and I have not met many British M.P.s.

Comparing him, therefore with an exceptional British "statesman" and member of the present Cabinet, popularly accepted as "brilliant," I am, never the less compelled to conclude that in all matters of internal government I should prefer to be "administered" by this Daill Erin quality of man than by the brilliant statesman.

I do not expect the electorate either in England or America to begin instanter the quest of quality in their chosen representatives. I merely wish to record a few personal data. I once heard the brilliant Minister "demolish" a lecturer. The lecturer had been rather inept, but was concerned with the search for a truth; the Minister contented himself with finding the flaws in the lecturer's presentation; he made no attempt to get at the true relation of things; he contented himself with the shallowest possible use of parliamentary technique; and built his argument on a fallacy which ought to have been apparent to an undergraduate. ... I do not know whether by intention or from mental incapacity. In twenty minutes he made me certain that I would not trust his opinion on any book or on any idea. Affairs of State are, in the popular mind, vastly more important than "mere books and ideas" ; still, the public entrusts its "public affairs" to men whom they would not trust in the realm of "mere books and ideas."

Secondly: comparing my sample of Daill Erin with a very clever gentleman who is no longer in the British Cabinet; I find that in a law case or in dealing by diplomacy with hostile foreign nations or nations of ill-will, I would rather entrust my affairs to a very clever gentle men who by cleverness has forced his way from the British bourgeoisie into the British ruling caste.

In dealing with the "higher" or more specialised functions of civilisation, or, let us say, in dealing with literature and literary taste; I perceive that the very clever gentleman would connive, and, indeed, has tacitly connived, at the school of criticism which says a book is good because Aunt Sally wrote it, and Aunt Sally is connected with Mr. Q. who was member for Schropps in 1880, and whose cousin George married into the Earl's family in Bobshire. I perceive that the member of Daill Erin would accept as literature a large number of books and poems despite their being rather badly written: he would be disposed to accept them on the ground of their being sincere, or being human documents, etc., without exercise of much critical or comparative inspection.

Of the two tendencies, the first leads nowhere save to atrophy and idiocy and snobbery-jobbery log-rolling; the second or Daill Efin weakness is but the weakness of all folk-literature. It permits the existence of excellence; and out of ten thousand uncriticised folk-ballads one gets an occasional Tam-Lin, or "County of Mayo," which is great and magnificent literature.

On the whole, there is not only room for, but a crying need for, the Daill Erin type in the political circles not only of English, but of all modern democracies. In fact, the only salvation of democracy lies in a depreciation of the shop-window and hustings-talent, and in an appreciation, a vastly greater appreciation, of the qualities which make a man possible company in private.

Ireland's error lies in taking up "nationalism,'' which is, on the plane of the intellect, a dead issue; just as German Imperialism is a dead issue, a thing every intelligent man has deemed evil. It is a misfortune that D'Annunzio has followed the same error, yelling "Italia" in Fiume, instead of standing simply for civilisation, by the contention, perfectly sustainable, that Italy represents a finer stage of civilisation than Jugoslavia.

It does not matter a curse whether one has a lion or an eagle or a harp or a unicorn engraved on one's passport. It matters a great deal that one is, at the whim of an intellectually incompetent or frivolous despot, exposed to the importunities of ignorant young men in a passport office. It matters a great deal that one can be interfered with by officials ignorant of the laws and careless in their execution. Spanish bureaucracy as apparent even to the chance traveller was enough to explain the bomb thrown in Madrid in 1906. The necessity of bribing Russian officials before the war if one was to transact ordinary business is sufficient explanation of the present status of Russia.

The intelligence of the clerk of the 1st Police arrondissement in Toulouse constituted me a law-abiding member of the French public for five months; the brute stupidity of the gentleman behind the partition in an American passport bureau in Paris, toward (a) myself, toward (b) another American who happened to be the head of his firm, and was, therefore, as unable as I was to produce a "letter from his employer," and toward (c) an American naval officer on leave, bred three anarchists in five minutes.

Our chief advantage over the Basuto is at the present moment (from the purely bureaucratic point of view) that we are, all of us, provided with little tags and labels; each time we move we get a new set of luggage cheques. I declare myself instantly in favour of a central bureau in Luxembourg. Let us all have one gross of photos taken at once; let us have one photo printed on the right shoulder, another deposited in Luxembourg, another in each of the main rogues' galleries in Europe as a sop to the "passion to govern," then let all the natural bureaucrats and instinctive filing clerks be confined in certain specified districts, and, then, Oh Diana of Ephesus, let the world proceed on its way toward a non-national future, in which no man will be compelled to fight for any other man, organisation or oil company.

PLANNING THE EARTH (II)

By GEOFFREY DOBBS.

Although the aims of the Tennessee Valley Authority, as described in the preamble to the Act which constituted it in 1933, are many and various, the navigation system "forms the logical and constitutional basis of all other activities of the Authority;" flood control and navigation alone being inter-State matters. The powers given to the Authority under section 22 of the Act are given directly to the President of the U.S.A., and apply not only to the Tennessee basin but to such adjoining territory "as may be related to or materially affected by the developments consequent to this Act." The spread of control from water to almost everything else makes - an instructive study of the totalitarian nature of Planning.

The first important Federal interference with- the area took place during the last war, when a dam and power plant for the production of nitrates for munitions and fertilisers was constructed at Muscle Shoals. After the War the plant stood idle. In 1928 and 1930 Congress declarations in favour of Government operation were blocked by the Presidential veto. Nevertheless, for ten years before 1933 War Department engineers were busy carrying out a survey of natural resources and "basic engineering and economic data" in the area. It would be interesting to know through what channels they received orders which clearly coincided with the policy of the President's successor, which resulted in the building up of large power resources just in time for the next war.

The first duty of the Tennessee Valley Authority was the rehabilitation of Muscle Shoals and its co-ordination with the wider plan. The next step was the building of other vast dams and the creation of immense reservoirs, the eventual aim being that "When the system is completed very little water will normally reach the sea without passing through turbines... " and hence coming under the control of whoever, at any particular time, controlled the sluice gates.

The Norris Reservoir, for instance, is stated to have a shore line of 775 miles. Interference with the earth's surface on this scale brings with it, besides centralised control of water and electric power, many 'problems' which can be dealt with only by extending the interference still further. There is the employment of thousands of workpeople, the development of towns and camps to house them, the resettlement of the people displaced from the obliterated land, the diversion and rebuilding of roads (over 100 miles in the case of the Norris reservoir alone), and the problem of malaria control arising from the creation of huge sheets of water.

To prevent the silting up of reservoirs, the Authority is empowered to purchase such land as it thinks necessary around them. It 'co-operates' also with the farmers, encouraging terracing associations, "in which the manufacturers of terracing machinery co-operate with the T.V.A... The farmers themselves pay the cost of the terracing programme, including the necessary equipment." It also co-operates with the State Agricultural Colleges in moving some

thousands of farmers out of the eroded areas. "Anyone knowing the Southern hilt farmer," writes P.E.P., "with his Anglo-Saxon and Scottish traditions, will realise that this was not the least of the engineering problems encountered." The prevention of soil erosion by the use of fertilisers, is one of the aims of the Authority. The fertilisers in question are, of course, of the chemical type largely blamed for the impoverishment of soils all over the world. The soil, like the Public in a Planned State, must take what it is convenient to produce, in this case the chemical by-products of 'national defence,' and of phosphate-bearing lands near Muscle Shoals. 'Research' is being busily carried on into the best way to use these, and the cheapest way to transport them, and the development of new industries and various dodges for "taking up surplus labour." There are "some interesting experiments in housing" in the new town of Norris, built by the Authority, also in "highway construction, amenities and land planning." Indeed the whole business is most 'interesting'—for the Planners! First, where the labour may live, then how the labour may live, and what it may labour at, and what sort of hutch it may live in, and what sort of road it may walk on, and what sort of bath, and sink and lavatory it may use, and how it may poison the already dying soil most cheaply, and how it may amuse itself, and finally how and what it may think. "The whole T.V.A. enterprise has been visualised from the outset not just .as a great public works scheme, but as an immense and significant programme of education." The number of books, articles, pamphlets, brochures, radio talks, *etc.*, all over the world, boosting the Authority, appears to be legion. There seems to be a certain similarity about their style, and about the sort of people who approve of them and spread them about. The latest example I have come across in England is a book by Dr. Julian Huxley of P.E.P., the B.B.C. and the Zoological Gardens. It has lots of shiny photographs of planned dwellings and interiors and electrical gadgets, and it does not make use of capital letters, so you will realise what it is like. The broad impression which it drives home is that of the utter uniformity of planning everywhere. There is nothing in it which looks like Tennessee, rather than anywhere else. .Nothing which has a recognisable character such as that of a Cotswold, or a Norwegian, or a Dutch village; and yet I had always under stood that Tennessee was one of those parts of the U.S.A. which had a definite character of its own. It is a horrible thought that there is nothing about the work of the Tennessee Valley Authority which could not be copied anywhere; and it was intended from the first to be copied everywhere. In fact, one of the directors has stated that "every step taken, every project set up, every result, is weighed from the point of view of its possible application to other parts of the country" and, it is made clear by P.E.P., to other countries, particularly ours.

Probably the best 'selling point' of the Authority so far has been the generation and distribution of relatively cheap electric power, which has been possible through the use of a privileged financial position to force polity upon privately owned companies, and local distributing agencies.

This the Authority does by charging municipalities, etc., "only slightly less than wholesale prices through the country generally," but, as the price usually charged to the consumer is only one-sixth to one-tenth of the cost of generating, it insists upon a very much reduced retail rate, which greatly stimulates consumption. The local concern makes a loss, which, however, is soon made up.

This is the price-cutting stage which is essential to the establishment of every monopoly. While it lasts it brings obvious benefits, but also more and more complete dependence upon the monopoly in the details of living. "The social results of increased electrification are illimitable," and include "a revolution in conditions of life and work."

Running water, electric light, bathrooms, plumbing systems and radios become necessities of life where they were formerly unknown, and electricity brings additional income to the farmer, enabling him to branch out into small-scale, semi industrial operations,—"employing more labour, and raising the standard of life of the whole area." What is nowhere even hinted at is that this increased prosperity could have been built upon a broad and secure foundation of decentralised, water power, instead of being balanced very cleverly upon the point of a single Monopoly owing its allegiance outside the area, which is about as safe as having your child suckled by a tigress. In this way every advance is fraught with greater danger, and every benefit is used as a bribe for the acceptance of further control.

Even the control of domestic details has not been for gotten. A separate body, the Electric Home and Farm Authority, was set up, at first with the same directors as the Tennessee Valley Authority, with an initial capital of a million dollars, and a credit from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation of ten million dollars. Its aim is to supply electric appliances on easy credit terms, and to standardise them by means of a badge "for use upon those types which meet its requirements in design and in value for money." In this connection it should be noted that the Authority advertises its belief in "a greater decentralisation of industry, scientifically planned and organised." The word should, of course, be *delegation* of centralised powers, a process with out which no monopoly can operate, but which at the outset sufficiently simulates real decentralisation to secure its acceptance by a majority.

It should not be supposed that the Authority has been allowed to swallow the whole of its allotted prey without some opposition from among the smaller carnivores which had formerly made their happy hunting ground in the area.

The Power 'Companies, in particular, very naturally attacked it, and the Authority received the heaviest available supporting fire, including a statement by President Roosevelt him self which began "Crafty managers... " and. ended with "rife with corruption and bribery." The Alabama Power Company succeeded so far as to get a favourable verdict in a District Court, but when the appeal was taken to the Supreme Court the Authority won by eight votes to one.

We note the statement that "The large funds known to be behind the T.V.A... give it, however, an immensely strong bargaining position." Great care has been taken to represent the Authority as non-political, impartial, and untouched by corruption. The Board has to consist of three "persons who profess a belief in the feasibility and wisdom of the Act"; *i.e.,* they must be politically 'New-Dealers.' Examples given of its 'non-political' behaviour are: equal pay and opportunities for negroes —"a conspicuous victory over racial prejudice in one of its best-known strongholds,"—and the encouragement of trades unionism, both actions against which the strongest political feeling exists in that part of America.

Finally we note the unlimited prospects for the expansion of this plan-infested area: — "When more comprehensive plans come to be made, the T.V.A. will have to face the problem that, while the valley is an appropriate area for flood control and hydro-electric generation and so forth, its boundaries are meaningless for electricity supply, for transport, for industrial development and other purposes. This problem, of the overlapping of optimum areas for different purposes is again a universal one. At present the T.V.A. system of having a defined territory as a nucleus, with power to go outside it where necessary, may be the most practical solution. Encouraged by the T.V.A.'s achievements, other regions are putting up schemes on similar lines."

THE TRAVESTY OF PARLIAMENTS

By JAMES GUTHRIE, B.Sc.

When our Parliaments were first set up they were not intended to be mass-production factories to be used by the Executive for producing a constant stream of laws and regulations for the victimisation and mortification of the taxpayers.

Parliaments were created for exactly the opposite purpose. The main function was to curb the power of the ruling oligarchy, and to devise means for protecting the people against sudden acts of stupidity and spoliation.

Whatever dignity or sanctity stands behind the Law today was given to it by those fundamental British laws, which protected the ordinary citizen from the arbitrary actions of a temporary government. Today, so-called democratic governments have more power than had the kings of old, and the laws which protected citizens against their king have been, and are being, wiped away with astonishing speed. And the most pressing need for people in all countries is to build up within their own State some kind of protection for the ordinary man and woman.

The people will have to present Parliament with a new Bill of Rights, and those so-called representatives of the people who refuse to sign on the dotted line will have to be shown the real meaning of democratic rule.

As things are today, democratic government has been reduced to a farce, or, shall I say, a tragedy. In theory, the people, through their representatives in Parliament, are supposed to control the Government, or the executive. In practice, we find, in this case, as we find in so many other walks of life, exactly the opposite taking place. Instead of the people controlling their representatives, and the representatives controlling the Government, the Government selects the representatives parades them in front of the people merely as a matter of legal routine, and then proceeds to tell the people what to do.

The people, of course, have the honour and Privilege of paying the salaries of their so- called representatives, also of the vast army of bureaucrats who push us around. The Government of the day, after having made its position legally secure by this mock display of democratic procedure, proceeds to rule by the "divine right of the majority," and it considers it has the legal right to do whatever it likes.

But no Government has been given the right, by the majority or the minority, to do just what it likes, because as soon as a Government is given that power then nobody else has the power to do anything except take orders and pay taxes; and as the people usually

object to taking orders from strangers, and to paying taxes for other people to spend, a vast army of bureaucrats, pimps and spies has to be recruited to compel obedience to the edicts of the central Government.

It is due to this that the Governments of every Socialist country have developed into ruthless dictatorships; it also explains the reason why Socialists so easily become Fascists.

The menace of the "planners" in Canberra, Whitehall and Washington is that they get very angry if anybody upsets their plan; they are keenly convinced that their plan is the only possible plan, and that nobody else has plans worthy of attention. And as they con over their plan and paint it in beautiful colours, all of it carefully indexed, their plan gradually becomes a god worshipped with religious fervour. And anybody who objects is merely somebody to be "liquidated" as quickly as possible

Here we come to a vital problem of modern politics, one that makes it so difficult for young people to understand. The Socialists, Communists, Trade Union Bosses, and the great army of would-be Planners, who shriek so shrilly about democracy and security, are the very people who have the most contempt for democracy, and who intend to use it merely to introduce a type of government, which would make any democratic rule impossible in the future.

Herein lies the danger and the factor which separates these Planners from the ordinary citizen, who just wishes to be left alone to mind his own business.

After this war we have got to reduce the vast army of bureaucrats at least to Pre-war level. If we don't, then we shall have to be prepared to pay heavier and heavier taxes, and to be pushed around like children in a kindergarten school. "Please, teacher, can I have an egg for lunch?' "Most certainly not, child." "Please, teacher; can I have a glass of fresh milk?" "Certainly not, child; Dr. Atkins says you must have mesmerised—I mean, pasteurised —milk"

The crisis in our civilisation is a very fundamental one: Either co-operation in our post-war society is to be on a voluntary basis, or, it is to be directed from the top, and obedience obtained by brute force. It should be remembered, too, that when respectable and conscientious citizens are compelled "by law" to do what they very much resent doing, then they are being compelled to do so by threat of overwhelming force. Such a society cannot be stable for long.

The great trouble with a voluntary society is that it is a diversified and changing society, and dictators and planners don't like that; they want to fix society for ever according to a plan.

Some planners have their place in this world; but their job is to be on tap, NOT on top. When experts, however sincere, wish to use force to make us comply with their plans, they are very dangerous people, and they have to be put in their place. Our society is not a plan made in concrete; it is not made from a blueprint designed by one man or by one section of men.

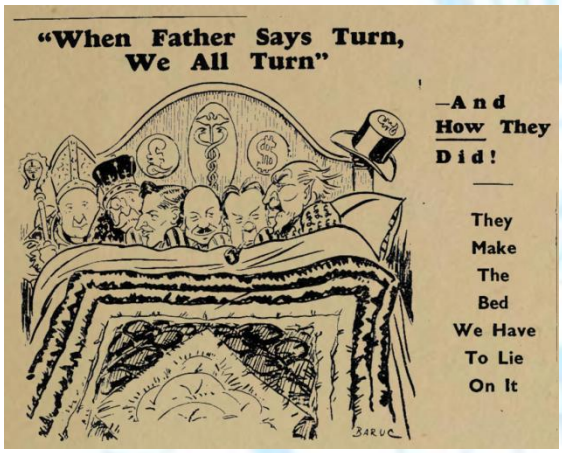
Our society is a group of men and women living together, having different ideas and different desires. Centuries of experience have developed methods by which each can develop his own personality, and, at the same time, help to develop that of others. To try to control this complexity of aims and ambitions and purposes through one central office is the idea of madmen, and of very evil madmen.

Society is like an organic growth, not a machine. Even treated as a growth, artificial "fertilisers" and patent "'disease-

killers" are not going to eradicate the many diseases of society. A little understanding of the nature of this growth seems called for, and perhaps some wholesome "food" and "fresh air" might work wonders.

I have a nasty suspicion that most of our worst problems are produced by planners. Hitler, for example. He didn't arrive by accident. The "Great Depression" didn't come by accident either; there was a master planner called Otto Niemeyer mixed with it, and another called Prof. Copland.

First published 1945.



EVOLUTION AND EQUALITY

. By Ambrose Cox

First Published 1891.

No particular Radical or Socialist proposal—-to abolish the House of Lords, to introduce manhood suffrage, to nationalize the land, or what not ?—no separate proposal in its entirety do I, within the limits of this brief article, seek to examine. I merely wish to fix attention upon a theory that is, by the supporters of such measures, assumed to tell in their favour. It is assumed that to say a change will tend to produce equality is to speak favourably of the suggested change. Equality is assumed to be an end that ought to be aimed at.

Yet equality cannot be sought simply for itself. Equality is a relation. Any answer to the question whether it be a bad or good relation must depend upon the people related, and the purpose for which they are in relationship. Equality can be sought only as a means to further that purpose. It cannot be a primary, it can be only a secondary, aim. What is the primary end to which our reformers and revolutionists believe that equality will prove a stepping-stone ?

Mr. Hyndman gave to his seditious little journal the significant name of Justice; and most of us have heard less wild and more dangerous politicians than Mr. Hyndman either openly assert, or covertly imply, that justice is the end equality aims at. It would be almost superfluous to notice assertions and insinuations so empty of substance, did not the maxim ‘‘ Fiat Justitia ruat caelum”’ bear witness to the fierce love of justice that reigns in men’s hearts. The faintest whisper of the word “ justice’ rouses men to hot-headed action, as surely as the soothing sound of ‘that blessed word Mesopotamia” lulled the legendary old woman into a sanctimonious slumber. But what is justice? This is a problem more easily put than solved—a puzzle compared to which Pontius Pilate’s celebrated conundrum is as daylight to darkness. We must apply to professional moralists in order to get even an approximate solution. Mr. Henry Sidgwick[1] says that any conduct which fulfils the warranted expectations of another is just.

Dr. Martineau[2] adds that ‘‘in every case, the person of whom justice or injustice is predicated occupies the place of judge.” In all ‘seemingly dual instances, there is a sub-auditur of a third party, either through the duplication of one of the pair by playing two

characters at once, or by the implicit presence of a suppressed term of comparison." The suppressed term of comparison and 'authoritative measure of duty, in every transaction between different persons, is the mutually understood ideal." Mr. John Stuart Mill[3] thought justice '' the appropriate term for certain social utilities which are vastly more important and therefore more absolute and imperative than any others are as a class"; that the distinction between duties 'in virtue of which a correlative right exists" and those which "do not give birth to any right" coincides with the distinction '' which exists between justice and other obligations of morality." None of those definitions supports the notion that equality is necessary to justice. Dr. Martineau concludes his estimate of justice with a special remark for those who cherish such fancies. '' Endless has been the waste of noble energy upon illusory schemes of perfected justice in the affairs of men, for want of clearly determining the relative shares of natural causes and of the human will in shaping both the constituent facts and the successive history of societies and states."

But perhaps our advocate of equality will refuse to submit him- self to those authorities. Very well. Ask a Socialist what justice is. Can he tell us? Do the Communists agree even among them- selves? As Mr. Mill has pointed out, there are three Communistic schemes, each, when Communism is once granted, plausibly appealing to our sense of natural justice: one apportioning produce equally, the second according to need, the third according to work accomplished. Ask our advocate of equality, and, if the query be pressed home, he can explain his notion of justice only by describing his ideal equality. Thus, his telling us that equality aims at justice is the same as saying that justice aims at justice, or equality at equality, a paralogism or a sophism that does not at all help us.

There are not many kinds of aim that have ever been widely and clearly recognized as ultimate. They may, I think, all be embraced under the following heads :—Religious; Tribal; Utilitarian.

By religious aims I mean those of which the worship of God is the object.

The word "tribal" I have adopted from Professor Clifford,[4] whose explanation of conscience as the voice of '' the tribal self" is well known. By Tribal aims I mean those directed by a member of a community upon the welfare of the community of which he is a member. The community, whether small or large, is regarded as an organism—that in which the part exists for the sake of the whole; that in which the shape and nature of the part are determined by the needs of the whole. The identification of individual interests with those of the State among the citizens of old Greek townships is a stock example of this tribal sentiment. The family and the nation exist simultaneously, and are at one and the same period objects of the tribal aim. But, as Clifford says, ''it is to be noticed that part of the nature of a smaller group may be what it is for the sake of a larger group to which it belongs. Thus, it appears that the family, in the form in which it now exists among us, is determined by the good of the nation; and we may say that the function of the family is to promote the advantage of the nation or larger society in some certain ways." Again, there is an object beyond the welfare of the nation. In high natures the tribal aim is directed at nothing less than humanity. As the function of the family is to promote the advantage of the nation, so the function of the nation is to promote the advantage of the human race. It cannot be too plainly insisted upon that in all clear expositions of this ultimate principle, and notably in that of Mr. Darwin, in his Descent of Man, humanity is regarded as an organism—that in which the part exists for the sake of the whole; that in which the shape and nature of the part are determined by the needs of the whole. The welfare of man, not the

happiness of men, is the object of the tribal aim.

I suppose that we must regard that peculiar sentiment which is known by the odd name of 'cosmic emotion" as an eccentric extension of the tribal aim; but I own that I am unable to apprehend its supposed nature, or to learn what influence it is expected to exert upon human conduct. Even Clifford, when he wrote upon cosmic emotion, became obscure; his customary precision of statement abandoned him, and he dropped into poetry; he was driven to the desperate expedient of trying to explain himself by means of quotations from Walt Whitman and Mr. Swinburne. I find no trace of the cosmically emotional element in his plain- spoken and purely tribal or social theory of ethics.

Happiness is the object of the Utilitarian aim—but whose happiness ? Most Utilitarians say, first the agent's own happiness; secondly, and subordinately, the happiness of other people, because it usually adds to the agent's own happiness. This is simple straightforward teaching, the meaning of which a child can grasp.

But there is another sort of Utilitarianism more complicated and more difficult to understand.[5] It begins by distinguishing between higher and lower pleasures. The agent's higher pleasure, or greater happiness, is always dependent upon the happiness of anybody and everybody except himself. This being granted, it follows that the Utilitarian ''standard is not the agent's own greatest happiness but the greatest amount of happiness altogether.' Therefore, ''as between his own happiness and that of others Utilitarianism requires him to be as strictly impartial as a disinterested and benevolent spectator." The happiness of "'mankind collectively" is what he wants. We must not allow this strained use of the word "collectively" to mislead us. The happiness of '' mankind collectively" (" everybody to count for one, nobody for more than one") cannot mean anything but the happiness of men distributively. The happiness of all actually existent human beings, and neither their virtue nor the progress of the race, is the supreme end of the Utilitarian aim thus modified.

Let us ask whether within one or more of those primary aims, consciously pursued, we can find room for the aspiration towards equality.

Conformity to the will of God, howsoever he may deem that Divine will best discovered, is the supreme end of the religious man's existence. Is this the problem that equality is to help us to solve? Is this the end towards which equality will prove a stepping-stone? I think not. I do not discern in equality any magic power that can aid us to learn, or encourage us to do, the work appointed for each by our Almighty-Father. On the other hand, I know that Christian Churches from the Apostles onwards have, while insisting upon the parallel worth and potential immortality of all human souls, accepted inequality of condition and established hierarchies of order.

Within the tribal aim, is there room for the aspiration towards equality? Not until it be shown that the equality of men, as they now are, such as their fathers and mothers and remoter ancestors have made them, will further the moral, intellectual and physical development of the race. Can this be shown? I confess that I meet many persons whose lack of political power and social influence I dare not, on public grounds, regret. I fear that, unless the increase of the population be cruelly checked in various quarters, persons of this description will, for a very long time, continue to abound. At any rate, the aspiration towards equality cannot be pronounced in harmony with the tribal aim, until the query not stated is answered in the affirmative.

With the old original Utilitarianism—or 'Egoistic Hedonism," as Mr. Sidgwick calls it—the aspiration towards equality exhibits no possible connection. Whosoever

honestly pursues his own pleasure will own that his anxiety is to render those around him not equal to him, but dependent upon him.

To be continued.

[1] Methods of Ethics, iii. 5.

[2] Types of Ethical Theory, pt. ii., bk. i., chap. vi., sec. 11.

[3] Utilitarianism, chap. v.

[4] Lectures and Essays, vol. ii., ‘‘ The Scientific Basis of Morals.”

[5] Mr. J. S. Mill’s Utilitarianism, chap. ii.

PREY OF PLANNERS: BRITISH FARMERS.

By Austen Brooks, 1956

Socialism Continues Under “Conservatives." If there is one section of the community which has good reason to wonder when the Conservatives are going to make a start on their ageing promise to "Set the People Free," it is the farmers. They have learned from experience that a change from a Socialist to Conservative Government provides them with no protection against the arbitrary edicts of the bureaucracy, and that only some such crying scandal as the Crichel Down case is likely to prod the politicians into attempting to reduce the injustices to which they are liable.

The "Southern Farmer", a paper, which doughtily champions the rights of these planners prey recently commented on a typical piece of bumbledom by the "Commissars of Milk Production" of a local Agricultural Executive Committee. A farmer who, for eight years, had been selling "Channel Island T.T." milk, without having had a single churn of milk returned, was suddenly given fourteen days' notice that his T.T. Licence was to be cancelled, because two or three samples of milk, taken from a churn long after it had left his farm, had failed to satisfy certain tests. "And his right of appeal?" asked the "Southern Farmer". "He may 'make representations in writing to the Ministry of Agriculture'— in other words to the Committee which threatens him with the loss of his licence, who are then empowered to take a final decision from which there is no right of appeal whatsoever .... His prosecutors are also his absolute judges; and to make matters as bad as they could be, they are also his competitors in business."

A "Candour" correspondent who had a similar experience some time ago insisted that an official should visit his farm to take samples of milk as it left the cooler and before it reached the churn. The official reported that the tests were "excellent".

The fault lay in the condition of the churns provided by the dairy. The County Milk Officer (what wonderful titles some people rejoice in nowadays!) told him that it was the farmer's responsibility to cleanse and sterilise the churns, although the regulations, which are ambiguous, appear to limit the farmer's responsibility to seeing that they do not get dirty after he has received them and to refraining from using churns which are obviously dirty. As churns are most easily cleaned immediately after they have been emptied, common sense dictates that dairies should clean them, and dairies are, in fact, under an obligation to do so.

For the bureaucrats arbitrarily to with draw a farmer's T.T. Licence because tests show one consignment of milk to be sour is bad enough, but when they impose this drastic economic penalty without even bothering to discover whether the fault lies with the farmer or with the dairy they are guilty not merely of arrogance but of blatant injustice. The farmer, with his natural taste for independence, is, of course, a prime victim of the hatred of the collectivist "planners" in all countries, for he is an ever-present threat to the successful

imposition of the "dictatorship of the proletariat". As the "Southern Farmer" rightly points out, the most arbitrary treatment is reserved for the "farmer pure and simple". Those producers who are also milk retailers — and thus "fit in" with the planners' pattern — are allowed a right of appeal to a tribunal, and a right to appear personally before that tribunal.

The greatest scorn of the "Southern Farmer" is rightly reserved not for the planners themselves, but for those farmers who collaborate with the planners in the war against their fellows. It warns its readers against the usual excuse given by farmer-members of Agricultural Executive Committees that they remain in office "to watch the interests of the farmers", and suggests that their usual motive is to enjoy power and authority over their fellows.

Another experience of "Candour's" correspondent bears this out.

About eighteen months after he took over his present farm, it was "up-graded" by the A.E.C. after an inspection. Three years later, there was a further inspection by the A.E.C., this time in the person of a local, and unfriendly, collaborating farmer. A few weeks afterwards came a notice from the A.E.C. that the farm had been "down graded". There, had the intended victim been a man of less character, the matter might have rested. Instead, the committee was confronted by accountant's figures showing that the farm's productivity had been considerably increased since its original "up-grading", and by a demand for another inspection by an impartial farmer.

Before beginning his inspection, this new comer was asked to say what standards he expected of a "Grade A" farm, and, after being shown that the standards of the farm in question were considerably above those to which he committed himself in reply, he left saying that he would have the "down grading" cancelled.

The damnable thing is that anybody placed in the position of a possible competitor should be detailed to inspect and report upon his neighbour's property.

Nearly 70,000 acres of farmland managed by the Agricultural Land Commission is to be returned to private ownership during the New Year, and more than 10,000 acres have already been sold, as a result of a review forced upon the Government by the Crichel Down scandal. The land is first offered to original owners or tenants.

Although this is a marked setback to the communisation of the countryside, the bureaucracy is making the best of a bad job. The Land Commission has itself no power to sell land, which must first be transferred to a Government Department.

Had it been a question of making it easier for the Commission to acquire land, a Statutory Order giving it powers of compulsory purchase would have settled the matter, but no such simple method will do when the bureaucrats are forced to acknowledge defeat, so a nice new committee has been set up to "review methods of sale".

Thus is the evil hour postponed when the people who work the land will also own it.

For those who wish to make it as difficult as possible to get land out of the planners' clutches, the Agricultural Land Commission, having no powers to sell land, is clearly an ideal instrument. An interesting sidelight on the Conservatives' proposal to "Set the People Free" is cast by a report in the "Daily Telegraph", which, after stating that the Commission's holdings included more than 20,000 acres of former airfields, added: "Before the Crichel Down disclosure **compelled the Government to change its**

policy (my emphasis) it had been decided that 40 more airfields should be taken over by the commission. In fact, only one was transferred."

The implication of this is clear. It is much the policy of the Conservative Government as it was of the Socialist Government to tie up land in the hands of the planners. If Conservative Members of Parliament, and particularly those elected for agricultural constituencies, wish to have any defence against the charge of soliciting votes under false pretences, they should demand a radical change in this policy as a matter of principle, in place of minor changes as a matter of expediency in the face of "disclosures". —Austen Brooks in "Candour", Jan. 6.

Cobbett's Tour in Scotland

(I)

I descend to the TWEED; and now for the "antalluct!" As I went over the bridge, my mind, filled with reflecting on those who had crossed it before me; saying to myself. "This has been the pass of all those pestiferous *feelosofers6* whom I have been combating for so long, and who have done so much mischief to their own country as well as mine: " saying this to myself, and thinking, at the same time, of the dreadful menace of the "SCOTSMAN," and of that *"national debt of revenge"* that he said Scotland owed me; and with my mind thus filled, I could not help crossing myself as I passed this celebrated bridge.

BERWICK, which is a good solid town, and has a river into which small vessels come to take away the corn from the corn-factories, and which was formerly a strongly fortified place, is regarded, by law, as being neither England or Scotland, but a separate dominion; and, thinking that this was a safe place, I intended to stay here the night of Monday, the 8th, in order to prepare myself a little before I actually got into Scotland; but, seeing placards up enjoining the observance of the *fast* on account of the cholera morbus, and being rather hungry at the time, I, travelling by post-chaise, resolved to push on another stage, in order to avoid giving offence by indulging my appetite in such a state of things; therefore, on I came, exclaiming as the chaise got upon Scotch Ground: "Angels and ministers of grace defend me!" happening to remember so much of some prayer or play, or something which I have now forgotten. It was plagiarism, to be sure; but I committed it involuntarily, and I wish Lord BROUGHAM could say as much with regard to the diverse acts of plunder that he has committed upon me. Coming out of BERWICK, we have the sea to our right for some time, with no trees, stone walls, very fine land, and very fine turnips.

After this, there come a rocky shore and hilly poor ground for a short space. At about four miles from BERWICK, the sea gets farther off, the land beautiful, the turnips fifty acres in a piece, fresh and fine, and the land clean as a flower-garden; and thus, with great stack-yards and long barracks here and there on each side of us, we come down to the village of AYTON, and to the beautiful park and gardens of Mr. FORDYCE! "Fired at the sound, my Genius spreads her wings," and urges me to ask Mr. CREEVEY, my formidable rival at 0LDHAM, whether this is that same FORDYCE, who was once surveyor of crown lands, and also collector-general of the taxes in Scotland; and who was, somehow or other, related to the Duchess of Gordon; and who had AN ACCOUNT, about which account Mr. CREEVEY had given notice of a motion, and which motion he was, somebody or other, prevented from making when PITT was last in office; and, further, whether Mr. CREEVEY , if he have a seat in the reformed Parliament, will revive the motion now; or whether he will give me the information that I may revive it, if I should happen to be in that

Parliament; for, though this may be the successor of that Mr. FORDYCE, Mr. CREEVEY. who is a lawyer, knows better than I do, that the crown acknowledges no laches9 and that the act of *Elizabeth* will hunt public money as a pack of hounds hunt a fox, from cover to cover.

AYTON consists of a parcel of very homely stone houses; but the people seem to look very well, and particularly the boys, who all wear a sort of stiff caps, and who look rosy and hearty. When we get farther on, the land gets poor and hilly; the road twists about among the hills, and follows (towards its source) a little run of water, on the sides of which are some narrow meadows. The hills are here covered with scrubby woods, very much like those in the poorest parts of Hampshire and Dorsetshire. At the end of fourteen miles from BERWICK, *l* came to HOUNDSWOOD Inn, a place for changing horses; and I liked the look of the place so well, the house seemed so convenient and clean, and the landlord so civil and intelligent a man, that I resolved to stop here all night, which I did; in order to steady my head a little, and to accustom it to that large and fresh supply of *"antalluct"* which it had been imbibing ever since I crossed the TWEED. All these new ideas about thrashing-machines *worked by steam;* corn-weavers, kept in barracks, without back-doors, or privies; all these new ideas, of such vast importance in rural philosophy, especially when I found myself in Dr. BLACK's native country, and recollected with what urgency he had pressed upon us of the South, the prudence of his countrymen in checking population by resorting to illegitimate indulgences instead of loading themselves with wives; all these new ideas wanted a little digesting in my mind, before I could, with common prudence, proceed to present myself before critics so severe as those which I must naturally expect to meet with at the fountain-head of *feelosofy* itself, where there were (as I had been told at NEWCASTLE) six or seven newspapers, all assailing me with the greatest virulence.

On Tuesday morning, my heart thumping against my ribs, off I dashed at as round a pace as I could prevail on the post-boy to drive.

For about five miles the land continued the same as before; a little sort of moor, in which they dig peat, the valley narrow, the hills on the side rocky, cultivated here and there a little, the rest of the ground growing scrubby firs or wyns; but a great number of Cheviot- hill sheep feeding on them; and very pretty sheep these are. They have no horns, are white all over, legs not long, body very truss, rather larger and a great deal prettier than the South-down sheep.

The Highland sheep, of which you do not see a great many here, have black faces, black legs. and very long, very white, and coarse wool. They are very beautiful little sheep; and I will certainly endeavour to get a breed of them to put upon the heaths in Surrey, where, I think, they would soon supplant the little miserable things we call heath-croppers. My Lord HOLLAND has always some of these Highland sheep at Kensington, in his beautiful park and farm, which he disfigured and half-spoiled, during the building madness of his colleague, ROBINSON's *"matchless prosperity"* of 1824 and 1825. When in the former of those years, I saw "ADDISON-ROAD" come and cut his beautiful farm across, and when I saw "Cato Cottage" and "Homer Villa" start up on the side of that road, I said, my Lord (and I am very sorry for it) will pay pretty dearly for his taste for the *"classics. "* These *"classics"* are, sometimes, not very safe guides even in matters of a merely literary nature. So long, however, as you confine your enthusiasm to paper and print, you merely expose yourself to ridicule; but when your taste pushes you on to the levelling of banks, the tearing up of trees, the felling of oaks fifty years old, and, above all the rest, to dabbling in brick and mortar, the *classics* become most perilous and pernicious companions! The Cheviot-hill sheep have

rather short wool, and are very pretty sheep in all respects, but I dare say that the mutton of the Highlanders is better; because my Lord HOLLAND must know all about the matter; and I know that he has had a supply of these sheep at KENSINGTON for a great many years.

Along here we see black and red cows, very sma11 compared with those in Durham and Northumberland. The oxen, some without horns and some with horns, and chiefly black, all come from the Highlands, and are all excellent for fatting. There are immense fairs, which are here called *Trysts*, at which these cattle are sold, and from which they go all over the south of Scotland and all over England, except Sussex and Kent, where the Welsh cattle are the favourites.

These oxen, fed upon the turnips of this country, and without any hay, will get quite fat during the autumnal and winter months; and the beef in Northumberland and in Scotland is as good as any in the world.

There are some oats out here yet, and some wheat out also. But now, at about seven or eight miles from HOUNDSWOOD, we get through the hills and out of this little narrow valley; we see the sea to our right, and the fine level country opens before us. Here we entered into what is called EAST-LOTHIAN; and just at a little village called *"Cockburn's Path,"* where there is the second church that I have seen since I quitted BERWICK, we get into the county of HADDINGTON, where we see the sea all along upon our right till we get to DUNBAR (a distance of sixteen miles from HOUNDSWOOD), and such corn-fields, such fields of turnips, such turnips in those fields, such stack-yards, and such a total absence of dwelling-houses, as never, surely, were before seen in any country upon earth. You very frequently see more than a hundred stacks in one yard , each containing, on an average, from fifteen to twenty English quarters of wheat or of oats; all built in the neatest manner; thatched extremely well, the thatch bound down by exterior bands, spars not being in use owing to the scarcity of wood. In some of these yards the thrashing-machine is worked by horses, but in the greater part by steam ; and where the coals are at a distance, by wind or water; so that in this country of the finest land that ever was seen, all the elements seem to have been pressed into the amiable service of sweeping the people from the face of the eartl1, in order that the whole amount of the produce may go into the hands of a small number of persons, that they may squander it at London, at Paris, or at Rome. Before we got into DUNBAR we found the road (which is very fine and broad) actually covered with carts, 14 generally drawn by one horse, all loaded with sacks of corn. For several miles it appeared to be a regular cavalcade of carts, each carrying about twelve English sacks of corn, and all going to DUNBAR, which is a little sea-port (though a large town) apparently made for the express purpose of robbing Scotland of all its produce, and of conveying it away to be squandered in scenes of dissipation, of gambling, and of every other vice tending to vitiate man and enfeeble a nation.

Charles I with a divine hand moving his crown

WHY CAN'T YOU TOWNEES!

By Robert Fossett

To A. Anstruther, Esq., M.P.

MARSTON MANOR,
October 17, 1923

MY DEAR TONY,

County cricket does not really take up as much time as you in your cynicism pretend, and for this reason. You in Parliament or in business live such a jaded life that, when your office hours arc done, you want to get right away from it to some social relaxation that has nothing to do with business. But, when the cricket match is done, it is done and one has nothing on one's mind. Ergo, as soon as one has actually slept oneself straight of the purely physical wearines6, one is anxious and refreshed to give one's mind to work-particularly if the work is that of a countryman. So I have been hard at it getting the harvest in ever since the season finished and with no time out at all save for half an hour before dinner for ab at he in the pool. You say that I have been playing cricket all the summer. I have not been playing cricket all the summer. I have carefully selected matches in which I have allowed myself to play and have taken that as my sun1mer holiday while others have gone gallivanting off to Scotland or on Mediterranean cruises or Heaven knows where and I have taken no· other summer holiday-not even a Sunday, when there is always plenty to do if one only looks about to do it. So, I say, excusing and, as I am very well aware, accusing. For I know very well that a country gentleman, if he is going *to* justify his existence at all, ought really to give all his time to the job and not allow himself to sink into the disreputable status of a scrub-cheque farmer.

I intend to do that in the future, but for a number of reasons I wanted to give myself a little run for my money as a cricketer first.

Of course my comings and goings have thrown a good deal of responsibility on Ruth, to which she has proved herself more than equal, and I am very glad of that as it has given her the chance to get to know the village people really well— know them as my mother never did know them. But the baby is well on the way now, which has somewhat curbed her activities.

I cannot think why you politicians complacently speak of agricultural labourers as unskilled workers. It may *be* to some extent true of the younger generation-not through any fault of their own, but because the developments of machinery and mechanised farming have so much narrowed their lives. But anyone less unskilled than the old labourers—such a man, for instance, as my old cowman, Billy Perkins— it would be impossible to imagine There is hardly a known

form of bird, beast or insect with which he is not instantaneously prepared to cope—horse, cow, pig, bee, hen, duck, sheep. If I brought home a female camel in the back of my car one evening he would get the stool and start milking it at once without batting an eyelid. And the same with every sort of fruit and crop. Nor is it in the least true that these people are ignorant and stupid. They lack, it is true, the Cockney newspaper-quickness, but their very detachment gives to their philosophy a shrewd originality which one does not find in those who spend their lives in reading what other people think about things.

Ploughmen and shepherds hove I found
More than once, and still could find
Sons of God and Kings of Men
In utter nobleness of mind.

And it is this value of their characters which makes me see red when these fellows do not get a square deal. Up to the present those who work for me are not doing so badly, and they will continue not to do so badly as long as Bolivian tin-mines and Argentinian engine-drivers continue to provide me with dividends out of which I can pay them—a cracky system, perhaps, but there it is. But the independent farmers are already in queer street. In a salad burst of distributist enthusiasm immediately after the war I persuaded Mother to let those of our tenants, who wanted to, buy their land. I thought that a man should be allowed to own that on which he worked. Now with the collapse of prices and the repeal of the Corn Production Act they are all in queer street. Take those very decent people whom I took you to see once, the Thompsons—the people with the cottage on the corner of the West Lane, who had their hens running in and out of the kitchen all through tea—well, they bought from us in 1919 with their war-savings. Then they wanted some more stock, so they borrowed from the bank in what seemed to be a perfectly conservative fashion. The Government started to deflate and the bottom fell out of prices. They could not make enough to live on, much less pay back the bank. So now, after higgling and haggling, the bank tells them that it must foreclose and out they must go to make room for a Stepney Jew with a face like an elephant, who has come in and is setting up something called a road-house, and a dance-hall, and a tea-garden, and fifteen petrol pumps, and all the rest of the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel, the prophet, standing where it ought not-you know, the sort of stuff that What's-His-Name writes about— “twisted beams and leaded panes of Stockbroker's Tudor—Pont Street Dutch plaques— vaguely Romanesque garage." The largest possible area of countryside ruined with the minimum of expense! And inside every sort of “olde worlde” atrocity— yule-logs glowing with electric heat, electric light shining out of an old-horn lantern, and crooning from the depths of an old sea-chest—everything something other than it was meant to be—

Here lies a man who made a lot of money
By selling coal as substitute for honey.
Honey he sold as substitute for coal—
O, may the Lord have mercy on his soul.

He is the sort of man who strains one's faith in the equality of the human race. Thank God, it is a little way out of the village, but that, though it is some comfort to me, is not very much comfort to the Thompsons. Why can’t you townees at least stick to your own vomit?

Yours ever,
Bobby

Brussels warns it WON'T let The Netherlands opt out of EU rules and bring in its 'strictest-ever' asylum policy
WHO negotiators fail to draft pandemic treaty
World Health Organization
WHO negotiators fail to draft pandemic treaty
Pfizer agrees to settle 10,000 lawsuits accusing pharma giant of hiding cancer risks of heartburn drug Zantac
Concerns Mount as Met Office Fiddles With Historic Temperature Record in Exact Way Planned in Leaked 'Climategate' Emails
Brexit row as Cameron admits EU could soon be policing Gibraltar border
From independent.co.uk
For NATO's Ukraine war.
RISHI: I'LL BRING BACK NATIONAL SERVICE
Police saw Rotherham child sex abuse victims as prostitutes, says PCC
H5N1 strain of bird flu is found in MILK for first time in 'very high concentrations,' World Health Organization warns
Scientists Struggle to Understand Why Antarctica Hasn't Warmed for Over 70 Years Despite Rise in CO2
REVEALED: US is collaborating with Chinese scientists to make bird flu strains more infectious and deadly as part of $1m project - despite fears similar tests unleashed Covid

De Minimis Non Curat Lex,

" 'And, as they thus chart a course with such reckless abandon leading toward ultimate national bankruptcy, they endeavour to mislead and control the public mind by a patronage of money by devices calculated to create an artifical appearance of prosperity, and by a continuous flow of irresponsible and deceptive propaganda.' "

"Now boys, a little of the truth about a lot, or a lot of the truth about a little; for after all, de minimis non curat Lex, and it's our law;—whichever you like: it doesn't matter!"

General MacArthur, on the incumbent Wall Street / Washington DC. Administration. 1952

(In fact, of course, Truth is not quantitative.)